

## Fire Sunday Morning

### Kohlhaas Meat Market Was the Scene of the Blaze.

#### Department Arrive Promptly

Tom Morrison, Who Was Sleeping in the Building, Was Severely Harmed

An alarm of fire was turned in about 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning from the corner of Fifth and Pine streets. The

where Mr. Thomas Paul and his family resided were but slightly damaged by either the fire or water. Mrs. Paul, who had been ill for some time, was removed from the house with difficulty, but aside from the over excitement she will not be much the worse for the experience.

The alarm was turned in by Officer Ward who saw the fire while making his rounds on Pine. He ran up Fifth street to convince himself that the fire was serious and saw a man run out from between the market and the adjoining building with his clothing on fire. That man proved to be Tom Morrison, a carpenter residing in Laurium. He was afterward arrested by Officer Murphy and the marshal and placed in the jail and a physician summoned. He was found to be badly burned about the head and arms. He explains his actions by saying that he was drunk and when he saw the fire he ran to the rear of the building and at-

The loss to Mr. Kohlhaas is placed at about \$1,000, fully covered by insurance.

#### The Excursionists.

Special to the Evening News.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., October 11.—The Duluth excursion pulled out of Houghton with 120 passengers and at Neshota seventy from Marquette joined the party. The whole party were royally entertained by the jobbers' association who was represented by Messrs. Buchanan, O'Connor, Larke and McMain, an elegant lunch being served on the train.

Upon arrival of the train at its destination the excursionists were met by a large delegation of business men who escorted them to dinner at the West Superior house where an orchestra discoursed music all the evening.

The program for today will include an excursion around the bay and close with a dinner at the Spaulding. Nothing is being left undone by the association for

## THE CHILI QUEENS.

THEIR THRONES WERE IN SAN ANTONIO'S HISTORIC ALAMO.

Their Reign Is Ended, but They Ruled Royally For a Long Time—They Were Especially Gracious to the Tourist From the North and Made It Pay.

When the northern tourist used to strike the town, the first things the patriotic citizen who was doing the honors would proudly steer him up against would be the Alamo plaza chili stand, with its attendant divinity, the far famed chili queen.

"Now, sir, you've seen the historic Alamo, the old cathedral and the missions and got a whiff of our ozone," the citizen would remark with righteous pride, "and tonight you must come and eat a Mexican supper and see the chili

and beams on the new arrivals with sparkling eyes.

The citizen addresses her with an easy familiarity.

"Hello, Chiquita! How's tricks?"

"Hello, senior. Tricks are bueno. How is my amigo, the senior?"

They all used the Spanish dialect when they had special customers, despite the fact that other tongues came easier to some of them by nature. There were six reigning queens on the plaza in 1888, and one of them was of German descent and another was born in the island where the soil is highly green and there are no snakes. The other four, however, were señoritas of the genuine Mexican variety.

Chiquita's eyes sparkle with their most brilliant luster, and, with a quick succession of flashing smiles, she uses her red lips and white teeth to good advantage on the tourist while she engages in badinage with the citizen.

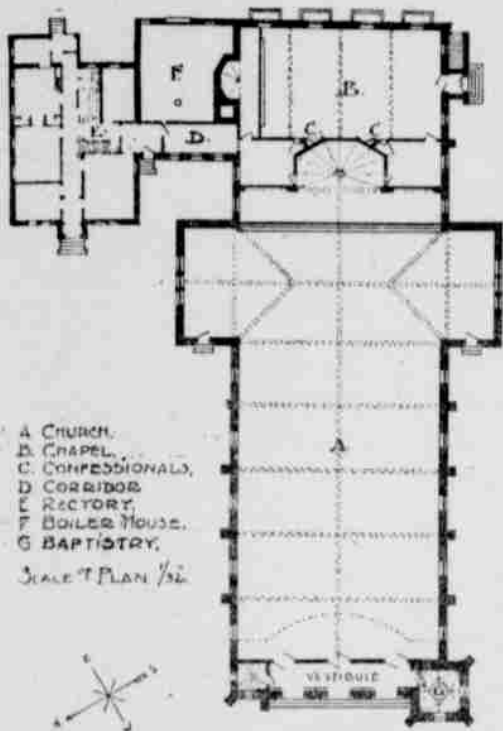
"You're looking prettier than ever tonight, Chiquita. I'm glad of it, be-

Take a little of everything, then, so you can say you 'did' San Antonio right. Bring us the whole bill of fare, Chiquita."

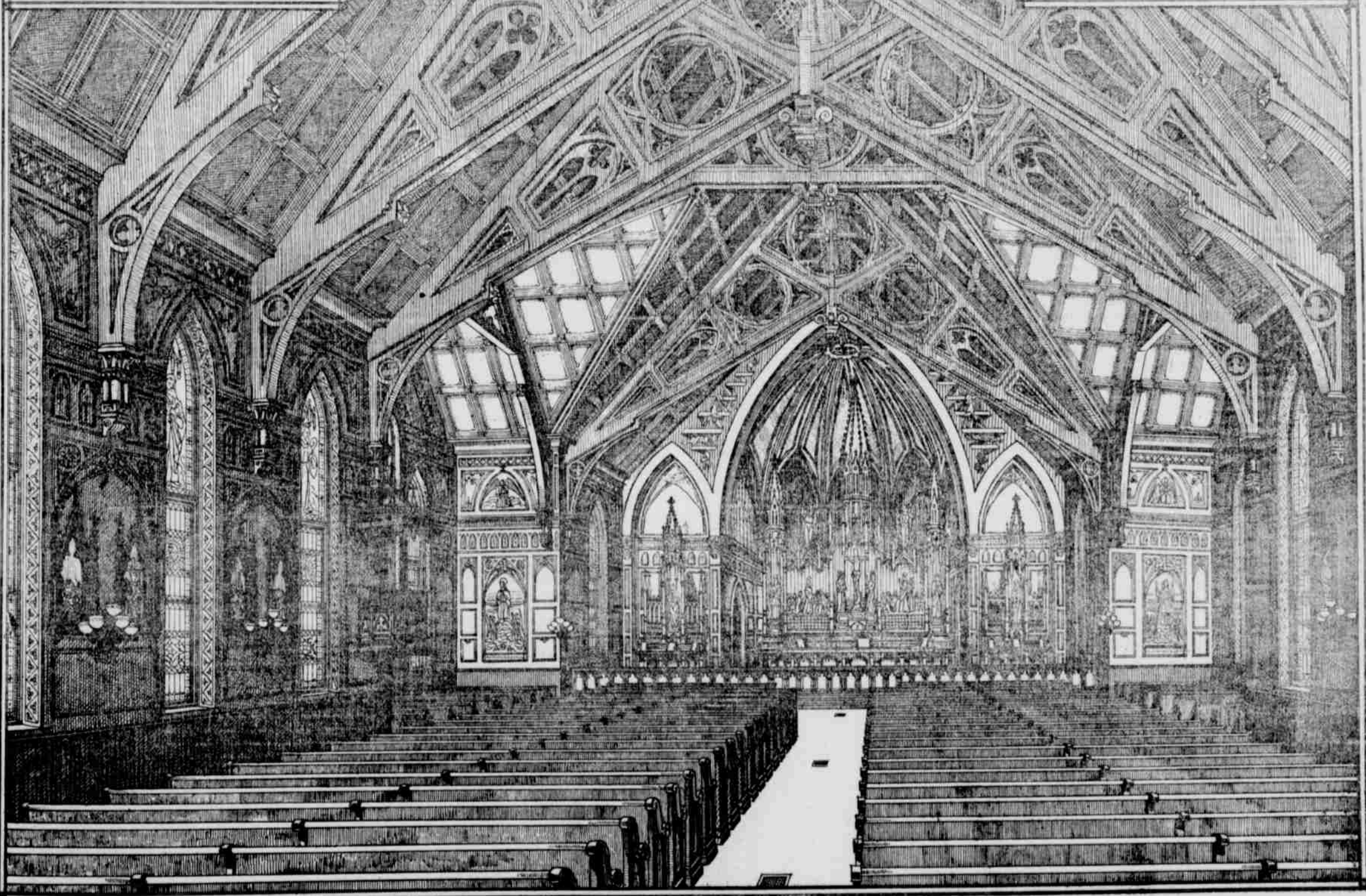
The queen turns sharply to the slimy looking old Mexican who has charge of the steaming pots and kettles in the rear and rattles off this with a celerity which seems to astonish the tourist:

"Jesus, andarle! Dos platos de chili con carne, y dos tamales con chili gravy, de enchiladas tortillas, y dos tazas de cafe."

The fiercely burning chili con carne agonizes the tourist and he chokes on the enchiladas, but he manages to struggle through the tamales by drinking a great deal of water. Meanwhile, the chili queen sits opposite him in a languishing attitude and keeps up her tinkling laugh. When it comes time to go, he insists on paying the bill, despite the protests of the citizen, and tenders a \$5 bill. Chiquita seems to have trouble in counting out the change and a thought strikes the tourist.



### Church of the Sacred Heart, Louis Viker, Archt. 6 Nixon St., Cincinnati, O. .....Calumet, Mich.....



Interior View Of The Church Of The Sacred Heart.

fire proved to be in the rear of the meat market of F. A. Kohlhaas and had gained considerable headway by the time the departments arrived, although the Red Jacket department was there in short order followed by the Hecla and South Hecla engines. Soon several streams were playing on the blaze which appeared at the top of the refrigerator. The water appeared to completely extinguish the fire and the signal "under control" was turned in and it was thought that the danger was averted, but the fire was still burning inside and soon burst out anew in several places and the firemen had about all they could do to get it under control.

It was a hard fire to fight as there are no openings in the outside of the refrigerator and the fire had all its own way for a time, as there was no way of getting the water to where the fire was, but by extra efforts it was extinguished before the other part of the building caught and the shop and dwelling over the market

tempted to put it out, when his clumsy actions, he being intoxicated, caused him to get burned the way he was. He was kindly taken care of at the engine house where he now remains awaiting what action, if any, may be taken in the matter. His injuries are considered serious by the attending physician, Dr. McLeod.

The fire evidently started in a shed, the door of which was open, immediately adjoining the refrigerator, but how it got started is more than anyone, except perhaps Morrison, can tell. It appears to be the general supposition that Morrison, finding himself drunk, did not wish to present himself at his boarding house in that condition and consequently sought a place to sleep until he recovered his normal condition and that he by some means, from a pipe or otherwise, accidentally started the fire. Officer Murphy says that he saw him on the street less than half an hour before the fire and he was drunk then.

the pleasure or information of the visitors.

#### Hundreds Turned Away.

The Mark Bros. company has grown in such favor since the opening here that hundreds were turned away from Turner Hall last night. Every available position from which to see the stage was occupied and many people could not get standing room. The large audience showed its thorough appreciation of the humor with which the play abounded. The specialties found great favor with the audience and created storms of applause for their cleverness.—Exchange.

The above company will appear at the Red Jacket Opera House two weeks, October 11 to 23. Tonight they will present "The Irish Detective."

August Kurts has resigned his position as assistant secretary at the Y. M. C. A. building. He has not decided what he will do in the future.

queens. The chili queens are one of our most noted attractions—the beautiful, dark eyed señoritas, you know."

The tourist generally knew. This was in the late eighties, the palmy days of the chili queens, when their fame had spread to the larger northern cities. Some very musical verse about them had appeared in the magazines, and in the newspaper sketches they were idealized as stunning creatures, with the rich, brown skins of the tropics and the languorous grace and bewitching black eyes of Spanish donnas.

When the citizen and the tourist stroll up to the gay looking chili stand with its big red, green and yellow lanterns and its scintillating pyramids of cheap but gorgeous glassware, the promptly shuts up the sporty young man who is bandying slang with her or quits haggling with the chili gorged bootblack over change.

She hastily rearranges the flowers in her hair and the big bouquet at her bos-

om as we want to make a good impression on my friend here. He's from away up north, you know, and he's heard of you before."

Then Chiquita uses her tinkling laugh and slaps the citizen gently on the cheek.

"So sorry, but I have not a single nickel to give you. But take this flower instead."

She transfers a big rose from her corsage to the citizen's buttonhole. The tourist is beginning to want his share of the fun.

"Yes, I heard of you up there, and that's one reason I came down here—to see you, you know."

"Oh, my! You must have a flower too."

Her hands linger lightly on his coat as she carefully pins a spray of honeysuckle on, and the tourist begins to believe that he must have come down here for this. He is enjoying himself very much.

"Well, let's begin on our chili peppers," suggests the citizen. "You say you never ate one before? We had better

"Say, Chiquita," he says tentatively, "you needn't mind that if"—

"You mean you want to make me a present?"

As that is what he means, she tucks the bill in her bosom, and gives the tourist a fond look. She takes another rose from her hair and pins it on his coat and squeezes his hand in bidding him goodby.

Then, when her customers are gone, she goes and sits down in front of one of the steaming kettles, with a lap full of tortillas, which she uses to scoop up large mouthfuls of chili.

Chiquita was a fair type of all the chili queens. They were not the idyllic creatures of popular conception that they appeared to be when on dress parade, but most of them were really comely and they had the charm at least of novelty.

The glory of the chili queens waned and flickered away with great suddenness, and they themselves drifted away from the high tide of fame and fortune in a like manner.—San Antonio Express.